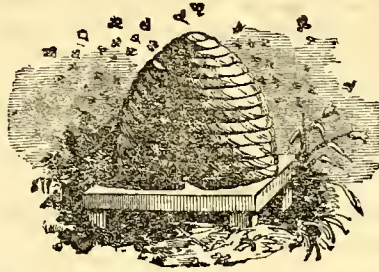


JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

"BUT WITH ALL THY GETTING
GET UNDERSTANDING."



THERE IS NO EXCELLENCE
WITHOUT LABOR.

VOL 2.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 1, 1867.

NO. 15.

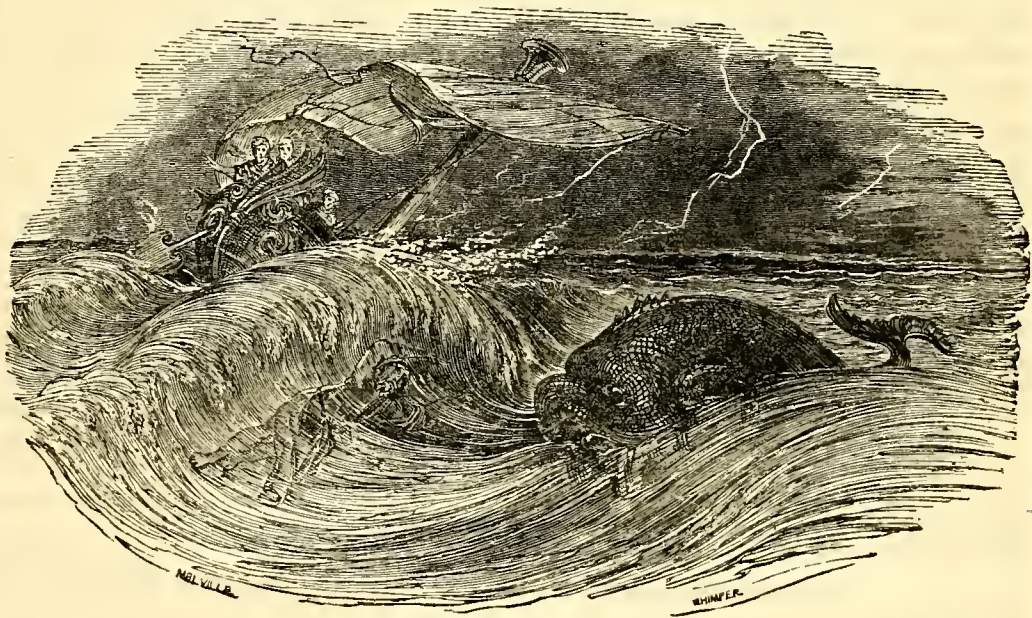
THE PROPHET WHO FLED FROM THE LORD.

IN the days of Jeroboam king of Israel there lived a prophet named Jonah. This was about eight hundred and fifty years before the coming of the Savior. At this time the Assyrian empire was the great ruling power on the earth. Its capital—Nineveh—was a city of great renown and so large that the Bible says it "was an exceeding great city of three days journey." It was crowded with immense temples and magnificent palaces, and was filled with the treasures of the earth. But its people were wicked; they were proud of their strength; they rejoiced in their power and riches; they gloried in their conquests over their neighbors, and delighted in their cruelty to their captives; added to this they did not serve the true God, but worshipped idols, some of which were of immense size, shaped like lions with men's heads, or men with eagle's heads and wings. Many of these have been dug out of the ground of late years, and can be seen in the museums of the nations of the old world.

It came to pass that the word of the Lord came to Jonah to go to Nineveh, and proclaim in its midst that in forty days it should be destroyed. But Jonah was afraid. He was well aware of the power of the monarch of that mighty kingdom, and feared to take such an unwelcome message, lest he should be tortured to death. So he ran away to Joppa. There he took ship for Tarshish; paid his passage and set sail. How foolish for him to thus try to escape from God, as though he could get beyond the power of his Maker, and flee to where God could not reach him! But, like all who run away from their missions, he found it would have been much better to have trusted in the Lord, and to have left the consequences with Him.

Jonah had not been long on board when a storm arose. The ship could not be controlled by the captain and sailors; but went where the wind and waves carried it. The passengers and crew

commenced to pray to their gods, one crying to one image to deliver them, another imploring some other idol to calm the waters and save them from the storm. But it was of no use. The fury of the storm increased. The wind blew fiercer, the waves rose higher. All hope seemed to be lost. In the midst of this tumult the captain found the runaway prophet, down below, sleeping as quietly as though all was calm and pleasant without, and all peace within. He was quickly awakened, and besought to call on his god—whoever he might be—as all the



others had failed to help and deliver them in the hour of their trouble and distress.

This may seem a strange request to some of the little readers of this paper. But it is easily explained. In those days men had the strange belief that different gods ruled in different nations, just as different bishops preside in the various wards in this territory. They believed one god (or set of gods) ruled in Egypt, another controlled Persia, a third governed in Canaan, and so on. And that outside their own dominions they had no power, nor did they interfere with each other's affairs. Now the appeals to their various gods having failed, they imagined that Jonah's deity might have some power in those parts. We are not told whether he did pray or not; but we do not think he could have had much faith, as he well knew he was

doing wrong. They next cast lots, to find out who was the cause of the storm. The lot fell on Jonah. They immediately began to ask him "What is thine occupation? and whence comest thou? what is thy country? and of what people art thou?" with a great many other questions as to his being the cause of their misfortunes. Jonah replied, "I am an Hebrew, and I fear the Lord God of heaven, which hath made the sea and the dry land." He confessed to them his folly, and desired them to throw him overboard, that they might proceed on their voyage in safety. It was sometime before they could be persuaded to do this; but, as the storm continued to increase every minute, they at last took him up and threw him into the raging sea, which at once became calm, and the ship sped on its way in safety.

The Lord who had thus followed Jonah, had no intention to let him be drowned. He had sent him with a message, and He was determined he should deliver it to the Ninevehites. So the Lord prepared a great fish, which swallowed Jonah when he was thrown out of the vessel. In this uncomfortable position he was a prisoner three days, when the fish, becoming sick, vomited him up on dry land.

Jonah did not require any more persuasion to get him to fill his mission. He went and cried aloud to the Ninevehites "Forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed." When the people heard this warning, instead of killing Jonah, as he had feared, they repented of their sins, fasted and prayed, from the king to the least of his subjects. Then the Lord had compassion on them and did not destroy them, which act of mercy, greatly annoyed Jonah, who wanted to see his words fulfilled. He became angry and murmured against the Lord, who, however, condescended to show him the folly of his anger. The repentance of these people did not, however, last long. They soon returned to their sins. Then swift destruction came upon them, and they were hid up from the sight of their fellow men, buried beneath the sands of the desert. Even the place where Nineveh stood was unknown, until within the last few years. Lately its monuments, its idols, and its sculptures have been dug out of their tomb of sand and exhibited to the world. A sign for the nations of the earth to heed how surely God fulfils His word through his prophets, and a warning to them not to reject the prophets God now sends in their midst.

Some have fancied that the story of Jonah being swallowed by the fish was simply a fable, written to convey a moral. Others have sought to throw discredit on it, as being improbable that a man could live three days in the belly of a fish. But "all things are possible with God," and Jesus sets the question for ever at rest, to those who believe in His words, by saying, "For as Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly: so shall the son of man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth." G. R.

THE ATMOSPHERE.

THE quantity of rain which falls in a given time is different in different countries, and at the different seasons of the year. In the warm climate near the Equator, more rain falls than in temperate regions, and least of all in the cold climate near the poles. If you remember what I said about the heat of the air affecting its capacity for moisture, you will know why this is so. In hot climates the water is warmed by the heat of the sun, and warm water goes into vapor more rapidly than when it is cold. The air above it is also heated, and from this cause takes up the vapor as rapidly as it is formed. This heated air loaded with vapor rises to the upper regions of the atmosphere. But the air cools as we ascend, at the rate of about one degree for every three hundred feet. As the air is

thus cooled down it loses its power to hold so much moisture, and the surplus is condensed into very small drops, which float in the air, and thus the moisture becomes visible; that is, we can see it. When this is near the surface of the earth, it is called fog,—when high up in the air, it is a cloud. It does not always rain when clouds are formed, for they sometimes float off into a warmer air, and the little drops are again dissolved, and the clouds disappear. In very dry weather, it often happens that the rain-drops, in falling from the clouds to the earth, pass through a region of very dry, hot air, and are entirely dissolved again, and we fail to get any rain.

In the hot climates, near the Equator, the wind always blows from an easterly direction. These are called the Trade Winds. In South America, these trade winds blow over the heated surface of the Atlantic Ocean for a distance of three thousand miles, and thus become warmed and loaded with moisture. In this condition they travel over the broad plains of the Amazon till they reach the Andes mountains, which lie directly across their course, and rise to the regions of perpetual snow. The hot, moist air, as it climbs up the eastern side of the mountains, is cooled down, and its moisture rapidly condensed into torrents of rain, that fall almost constantly in those regions, and thus supply the floods of water that make the Amazon the largest river in the world.

But these winds, after they have passed over the Andes, as they descend the western side of the mountains, become heated again and very dry. This is the reason that it never rains in Peru. Look at your geography, if you have forgotten where Peru lies. In California, the wind, during the summer months, blows almost constantly from the north and north-west. These winds, as they travel south, grow warmer, and instead of depositing moisture, are able to hold more than they can get. Therefore, they can have no rain in the summer season. But when the winter approaches, the wind shifts to the south-west, and rain sets in, because the air is blowing from the warmer towards a colder country. The great Utah basin is nearly a rainless region, because it lies between high ranges of mountains, and can scarcely get a breath of air that has not come over snow-capped mountains.

When moisture is condensed high up in the air, the particles of water are frozen as fast as they are formed, and these crystals cluster together and form snow-flakes. Catch a snow-flake on the surface of something black—now look at it carefully. It is one of the prettiest things you ever saw. Snow is formed in the higher regions of the air at all seasons of the year and in all climates. But in the summer season, and in warm countries, it melts before it reaches the earth.—*Little Sower.*

For the Juvenile Instructor.

AN ACROSTIC.

B righam, chosen of the Lord,
R evelator of His word,
I nspiration from thee flows;
G ifts the Lord on thee bestows;
H oly precepts thou dost teach,
A nd good doctrines to us preach.
M ild, compassionate, to all;
Y et thou'rt terrible withal;
O, may wisdom on thee shine,
U ntil gospel truth divine
N ullifies the pow'r of sin,
G uiding the millennium in.

W. D. W.

GREAT is the number of those who might attain to true wisdom, if they did not already think themselves wise.

Uncle Gregory's Visits.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

VISIT VIII.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

[CONTINUED.]

"HE has again opened communication with his children upon the earth; and here is an evidence that no honest man who desires to do the will of God will reject." As he spoke he drew from his pocket a book about the size of the Bible and handed it to papa.

"The *Book of Mormon*," said papa, reading the title, "I have often wished to see this book, for I have read much against it. I presume you are a Mormon?"

I am a disciple of Jesus Christ. His followers have always been called saints; hence, the apostles when writing to the churches anciently, commenced their epistles with '*To the saints and faithful brethren in Christ*,' etc. To distinguish us from the saints of former days we are called *Latter-day Saints*. The world call us "*Mormons*," and at home we call those "*Mormons*" who profess to be of us, but who esteem lightly the counsels of God through his servants and do not deal justly, to distinguish them from those who live but to build up the kingdom of God and love to hearken to his counsels and who are *Saints* indeed."

And do you believe that God reveals his will unto the people, as he did anciently, and that apostles and prophets, inspired by the Holy Spirit, preach the gospel of the Son of God with authority as they did in the days of Peter, John, and James," asked mamma.

"Certainly, madam, answered the stranger, "if I did not know that the Lord had established his church upon the earth, and had commenced the gathering of Israel, I should not be here to day. It is the privilege of the sons and daughters of God to know that the form of doctrine embraced by them is true that they might not be deceived by any false or delusive doctrine. Jesus Christ hath said 'he that will do the will of the Father shall know of the doctrine.' Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God, saith the apostle. I heard the gospel preached, was informed that God had raised up *Joseph Smith* to usher in the dispensation of the fulness of times, and that God required all men to believe in His only begotten Son, *Jesus Christ*; to repent of their sins, be baptized by immersion that they might receive the Holy Ghost. The elder that introduced this to me said, he knew that this was true, and that if I would obey the gospel, I should obtain a similar knowledge. I believed, I obeyed, and I am now a living witness to the truth of the divine message. Herein is the condemnation of the world, they love darkness rather than light; they will not obey the message themselves, and they hate and revile those who have the honesty to obey it."

Papa and mamma were astonished at the stranger, for they were not in the habit of hearing such straight-forward testimony, and he spoke as one having authority.

Mary and Ellen were very interested, for they read their Bibles every sabbath at Sunday school, and their minds were pure and unprejudiced; as it was bed-time the girls retired, leaving papa and the stranger in conversation.

"Mamma," said Mary, on entering the bed room, "I think the Lord loves that gentleman."

"Why, Mary?" asked mamma.

"Because he travels without purse and scrip, and the Lord provides."

"That is true," said mamma, "he leaves his family and travels

to preach the gospel, relying on the Lord to provide for his family at home and himself on his journey from city to city and nation to nation; surely he demonstrates his faith by his works, and I feel that God is with him.

"I am sure he loves children," said Ellen, "for he kissed us, and said, 'God bless you.' Mamma, may I pray for him and his little children at home?" said Mary.

"Certainly, my dear," replied mamma.

And that night a prayer was uttered from a guileless heart unto the Holy "Father of the spirits of all flesh." Blessed are they who can understand prayer. Blessed are they who can go unto our heavenly Father to make a request with the confidence and in the purity of a child.

Little maidens, never neglect your prayers, and try to understand that you are talking to your heavenly Father, that he hears you and will answer you. When you are good little girls, and ask papa or mamma for a favor, you feel sure they will grant it to you; so when you ask God in your prayers, you should feel that it is a good, kind Father you are talking to, who delights to bless you, for He loves and watches over you, his angels have charge concerning you; should you not love so kind a Being and try always to please Him? You know that you are always happy when you are good little girls; but you cry and are unhappy when you are naughty; therefore, try, little maidens, to be good, and be willing to do what papa or mamma wishes you, and you will always be cheerful and happy.

To be Continued.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

REFLECTIONS.

ON VISITING ONE OF UTAH'S SABBATH SCHOOLS.

WHAT a glorious soul inspiring sight! The soul softens into melting tenderness on beholding the many happy, smiling, and intelligent faces of those who have assembled to receive instruction pertaining to the great goodness and eternal mercy of Him who suffered and died by the hands of his merciless enemies, that we, as His children might live; and the heart is cheered by close observation of the nature of the different instructions imparted to those wishing to gain wisdom, and attain to eminence. So pure and unspotted are the holy influences surrounding them, that we felt, on entering the honored sanctum, so strongly buoyed up, and highly inspired, that we could but acknowledge the presence of a greater and more powerful influence than belongs to man. The little child, scarce able to utter its native language, is there taught the true system of gaining influence and supreme power; and its young heart is touched with divine feelings, and turned to a true course of daily actions, whereby it may gain the undivided affections of its earthly associates, and look forward to a closer communion with our Father and God.

So thrilling are the varied emotions which fill our minds as we contemplate a second visit to the Sabbath School room, that we are extremely anxious to welcome the day when we may renew the visit. Music, so sweet to our ears, is there discoursed in our hymns, and we are led to believe ourselves in some more exalted place of assemblage, than an earthly habitation. To listen to the various hymns sung, and hear the sweet voices of the little children ascending to high heaven, is another of the great pleasures we enjoyed. We understand that a general interest is prevailing throughout our mountainous territory, and the different settlements springing up therein, which are so rapidly increasing in wealth, beauty, and the number of their inhabitants, in establishing Sunday Schools in their midst, for the advancement, and public welfare of the children of the Latter-day Saints. We wish those manifesting such an untiring zeal in promoting the general interests of the youth of Zion, and the young aspirants themselves, unbounded success; that all Israel may ring with the shouts of the true and faithful in heart, throughout our whole Territory.

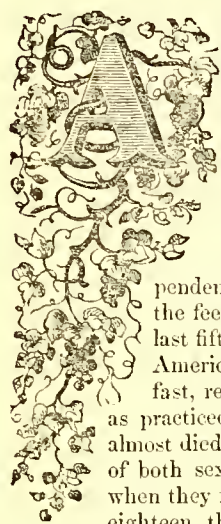
MAX.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON. : EDITOR.

AUGUST 1, 1867.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



A CHILD who is disobedient to his parents is very apt to grow up to be a disobedient man; he will disobey the Lord and not render respect to His servants. The world is full of disobedience. Many people call it independence. This is a false name. Disobedience can never be sanctified and made honorable in the sight of the heavens, or good men upon the earth, by calling it by such a fine name as independence. A great change has taken place in the feelings and practice of the young during the last fifty years in the United States. "Young America," as the rising generation is called, is fast, reckless, and disobedient. Respect to age, as practiced in the early days of the Republic, has almost died out. The popular idea among the youth of both sexes in many parts of the States is, that when they reach the years of sixteen, seventeen, or eighteen, they are entirely free to do as they please. They consider that the "old folks," as they disrespectfully call their parents, have then no further right to control them. But if young people should be very obedient indeed, they may live under the control of their parents to some extent if they are boys, until they are twenty-one years old, or, if girls, until they are eighteen. Hundreds of boys look forward with great desire to the time when they will be twenty-one; hundreds of girls to the time when they will be eighteen. They can then act independently, they think, of their parents. They are free from bondage.

As a result of this training there is probably not another people in the world, who have so little respect for all kinds of authority as the people of the United States. This is a dreadful condition of affairs. The perils which follow are innumerable. But we, whom the Lord has chosen and gathered out from the nations, should make a change in this respect. Children must be trained in habits of implicit obedience. This kind of obedience lies at the foundation of all good government.

Remember, children, the obedience of Isaac. He did not think that he was free from the control of his father when he was eighteen years of age, neither did he think that he was free when he was twenty-one. Neither should you think so. As long as your parents live, you should honor them. Your parents, in almost every instance, are faithful and true to the Lord. They are obedient to the servants of God. You owe them the same obedience. Their words and wishes should be laws to you. The children who disobey their parents, and do not show them proper respect, are sowing seed from which they will, in days to come, reap bitter fruit.

SINCE the issuing of our last number our young readers have witnessed another 24th of July, the anniversary of the day on which President Brigham Young and the Pioneers first entered this valley. Twenty years ago those brethren, who will ever be remembered among the Saints, arrived here and commenced to make homes where there was then only a wilderness. Those who were children then, and are now living on the earth,

are to-day men and women. Will our JUVENILES try and think and contrast their own condition with that of the children who came with their parents into this valley soon after the Pioneers did, that they may understand, in part, how greatly the Lord has blessed his people.

Those children had no nice, comfortable houses to live in, surrounded by beautiful orchards on which the fruit hang in abundance. There were no farms here and they had no fine clothes to wear, for their parents had been driven from their homes away in the east, and had been compelled to make a journey of many hundred miles over a wild and unknown country, leaving their houses and farms and property in the hands of their enemies. There were no fine schoolhouses, in which their children could be educated, for there were no houses of any kind here at that time neither to live in, nor go to school in, nor to meet in. The people had to live in wagons and in tents. Many of the children had to go bare-footed and but scantily clothed. Their parents could not go to the stores to buy clothing for them, because there were no stores, and if there had been, they had no money. The country was bare and bleak and forbidding looking; but the people trusted in God, in their loneliness and poverty, for He had never deserted them. They prayed to Him, and besought his blessing. They gave heed to the counsels of President Young and those associated with him, and they were blessed. The earth, that had been hard and dry and seemingly barren, brought forth in abundance for the support of man and beasts. The people increased in numbers and in wealth, in power and importance, until the few way-worn pilgrims who, fleeing from wicked men, then made their home here have grown to be a great people.

Some of the children of that time are the fathers and mothers of the children to whom we are now writing; and the old and middle-aged, the young men and women and the children, can now unite to celebrate the 24th of July, the anniversary of the day on which the Pioneers arrived, in peace and quietness, and with thankful hearts for the great blessings God has bestowed upon us as a people.

Children, never forget the Lord, and He will never forget you; but He will always protect and preserve you, as He will all who seek to do His will and walk uprightly before Him.

E.

WE did not have a sufficient quantity of the first four numbers of this volume with which to supply all our subscribers. We have since reprinted them, and intend to send them with this number. Should any of our friends to whom they are due, through any omission, not receive them, if they will take the trouble to inform us, we will take pleasure in forwarding them.

BIBLE QUESTIONS

FOR OUR JUVENILES TO ANSWER.

1. In what river was Moses hid by his mother in an ark of bullrushes?
2. What was Abraham's father's name?
3. Who was hanged on a scaffold fifty cubits high in the days of Ahasuerus?
4. Who said that a wise son maketh a glad father?
5. Upon what mountain did Noah's Ark rest when the flood subsided?
6. Who was the first murderer?
7. Upon what island did John the Revelator write the Revelations?
8. What became of Lot's wife?

HE is a happy man who hath a true friend at his need; but he is more truly happy that hath no need of his friend.

Uncle George.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

TO THE CHILDREN OF UTAH.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS:—

I WILL now write to you from one of the great American cities, called New York, in the State of New York.

I came to this great city, a few days ago, from a distant island of the sea called England, the country where little George lived. I was carried over the sea in a ship made of iron, and we did not see any land for nearly fourteen days and nights, until we reached this land of America.

I am quite glad that I have again reached this good land, and shall be more glad when I reach the city of Great Salt Lake, and the country of Utah where you live.

I have been in the big city where little George used to live a homeless wanderer. I have seen hundreds of little boys and girls, as poor and as homeless as little George used to be. O, how I pitied them; I could not help giving them halfpennies, until I many a time gave away all the halfpennies I had in my pocket. O how I did wish that they were as well off as the children are in Utah.

One cold, wet day, as I was walking along that fine street where little George used to delight so to look into the nice shop windows, and I was thinking about little George too, and was almost crying—I did have some tears in my eyes, and I believe one dropped down on my beard, I tried all I could to keep tears from coming; but I could not. What do you think made tears come into my eyes? I will tell you. I was thinking how kind and merciful the Lord had been to little George in all the days of his life, and my heart became soft and humble in gratitude to Him. It is not wrong for men to weep when their hearts are melted in gratitude before the Lord. Well, as I was walking along one cold day, thinking about little George, I heard little feet pattering along on the wet pavement. I looked to one side and saw a poor, little, ragged, bare-footed girl running along by my side. She was saying something which I could not hear. I bent down to speak to the poor, little, trembling creature, when she held up, in her little, cold, lean hand, a small box, saying at the same time:

"Please buy a box of matches, only a halfpenny a box."

I looked into the child's face, she was almost the very picture of my own little "Dilly" at home. I cannot tell you how I felt. I said to her:

"My poor, little dear, where do you live?"

"I live up yonder; you shall have all these matches for a halfpenny."

She could not understand how sorry I was for her.

"What will you do with the halfpenny, if I buy your matches?"

"O, then, I will buy another box for a farthing."

You will understand, my little readers, that a farthing is one half of a halfpenny or cent.

"What do you do with the farthings you make clear on every box of matches you sell?"

"I pay my lodgings, and buy bread to eat."

"Where is your mamma?"

"My mamma has gone to sleep, and she lies in a nice grave yard; I go on a Sunday and pick flowers, and sit on her grave."

This was more than I could bear. I gave the poor little darling some money, and turned away.

There are thousands of fatherless and motherless children in the great cities of that distant island, called England, who have to live as they can, by selling matches, shoe strings, tape or any thing else to make a few half-pennies, to buy bread to eat, and pay their lodgings at night.

I have often thought about the children of Utah when I have seen the poor children of other countries. How well off the children of Utah are! When they want a piece of bread, they do not have to sell matches and shoe strings and tape to get it, but they have nothing to do but ask mamma or papa for it, and they give it to them.

What good, nice clothing nearly all the children in Utah have! and what nice, good, warm beds they have to sleep in! their fathers and mothers provide those comforts for them. Do you not think that you ought to be good children always, and do whatever your fathers and mothers ask you to do, and never be disobedient to them, or to the Lord, to whom they pray for you every day?

When you go to school to be educated, that you may be great and good men and women, your parents pay your school expenses, and buy books and slates for you; how careful you should be not to tear your books, nor break your slates; and how diligent you should be in your studies! In this way you will make your fathers and mothers and teachers and the servants of the Lord glad; so they will love and bless you.

There, I have written you a letter. You may not hear from me again until I continue the history of little George.

New York, June 22nd, 1867.

UNCLE GEORGE.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

HISTORY OF JESUS.

CHAPTER II.

JESUS was as singular in his character as he was in his parentage. His mission was very different from the mission of every other personage that has been born on this earth, for, in his mission he fulfilled the portion of scripture which says, "God so loved the world, that He gave His Only Begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but might have eternal life." How strange! how very strange! But so it was—Jesus was born to die for man!

When but a small boy, the spirit of God, his Father, rested upon him, and filled his heart with wisdom, and his mind with knowledge and intelligence far beyond other children of his years; and this is what enabled him to converse with, and astonish the learned doctors, in the temple, as was related in the first chapter.

Although Jesus was growing up to the size of man, and was daily increasing in wisdom and understanding, he was very respectful and obedient to Mary, his mother, and to Joseph, whom most people thought to be the own father of Jesus. Jesus knew who was his Father, and yet it did not cause him to be vain or haughty; but he who was to be the Savior of the world, was a pattern of obedience and of all good and virtuous actions. He even went to a man whose name was John, who was baptizing people for the remission of sins in the river Jordan, and, although he had never committed sin, requested John to baptize him; but John, knowing that Jesus was the Son of God, felt a great degree of reverence, and feeling himself unworthy, of the high honor, very modestly declined, saying to Jesus, "I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?" But Jesus insisted that John should officiate in the sacred ordinance, that he might set an example for all people, and John consented.

A most grand and beautiful sight was seen at the time, for

the heavens were opened and the Holy Ghost came upon Jesus and a dove came and lit upon his head as a sign that the Holy Ghost had descended upon him, and that he was accepted of his Father in heaven, and a voice was heard saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." The voice was the voice of God, and the people who knew no better than to think that Jesus was the son of Joseph, were greatly amazed, while those whose hearts were filled with the Spirit of God, which imparted understanding to their minds, rejoiced exceedingly and gave thanks to God.

It must have been a source of great comfort to Jesus, to have such a testimonial of his Father's approbation. But, as is frequently the case in the experience of good men, a trial awaited him after such a glorious manifestation.

Soon after his baptism, Jesus was led into the wilderness, where Satan, who is ever seeking to lead astray, tempted and tried to induce him to deviate from the path of rectitude and honor. Jesus had fasted for a long time—some say, forty days, and he became hungry, and Satan very insultingly said to him, "If thou be the Son of God, command that this stone be made bread." But Jesus replied, "It is written, man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of God." Then Satan took Jesus up into a high mountain, and in one moment showed him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, and told Jesus that, if he would bow down and worship him, he would give him all, and at the same time, Satan was not owner of one of them. Then he took Jesus to Jerusalem, and placed him on one of the pinnacles of the temple, and told him to cast himself down from thence, saying, "It is written I will give my angels charge concerning thee."

These are good samples of the cunning arts of the evil One, who is very apt in quoting scripture when it suits his purpose in prompting the Saints of God to do, or say something that will darken the mind little by little, and eventually lead to destruction.

But Jesus resisted all his temptations, and would not yield to any of his falsehoods; and by resolutely struggling against him, got the victory so that he departed and after Satan was gone, holy angels came and administered to Jesus. E. R. S.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

SELF INSTRUCTION.

THERE are some persons who are in the habit of asserting that it is impossible for those to gain a good education who have to work hard for their living by manual labor. Past experience has, however, proved to the contrary. Many names, might be mentioned, well known to the student of history, who have gained the greatest renown and honor, as rulers, or law givers, as philosophers or writers, who have had to till the ground, to labor in the workshop, or dig in the mine to support themselves and those depending on them. But this excellence was never attained by these men in a few days or weeks, for "There is no excellence without labor." It required time, patience and perseverance to bring about the desired end.

There may be some in our midst who have neither the time nor means, to attend school. Such can open school for themselves, and when once opened never let them close it. Never let an hour pass idly by; but improve every spare moment, every unoccupied hour, and there are many such in the course of a year in almost every one's life when their studies would interfere with no duty. Of course a few books will be required, easy ones on the branches that may be studied. Added to these a dictionary to learn the meaning and application of words that may not be thoroughly understood. Then, again, to aid in

acquiring a good hand writing, to keep a journal, neatly, cleanly will be found a great help.

If we cannot read, write and speak correctly, we are not fit to mingle with many classes of society and do business with them. Nor is this all, we should observe and think, and strive to be well-mannered, polite and pleasant, and notice the ways of those who have been well trained in these things. In going to the theatre we should not only be merry but observing. There we have opportunities of learning of things as they are now, and as they were in times past; still we must use our judgment, as actors and actresses are apt to go to extremes.

We are instructed in the Doctrine and Covenants to study the laws and customs of nations, and learn words of wisdom from the best books. Thus gradually progressing we may aspire to be useful, and act in any capacity in which we may be called to fill, and secure respect and influence wherever our lots may be cast. Our good moral conduct, faithfulness, and understanding of the principles of the everlasting gospel should be the foundation of all our accomplishments, then our success is sure, although the road may not always be smooth, nor unbroken with difficulties. Some people have the vulgar objection "that if you give your mind to study your work will surely be neglected," or "too much thought will bring on disease of the brain." Perhaps in the world some students may study so excessively to excel others, that they may injure their brains; but the study we have been talking of will not weaken the brain, but strengthen it; will not fill it with disease, but make it more healthy and powerful.

A.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

"THE LORD HAS ALWAYS BEEN MY FRIEND."

SUCH was the remark of a dear friend while in conversation the other day. It was said in such a trustful, confiding affectionate spirit that it made a deep impression upon us. What a consolation and comfort it must be, in the midst of trial, difficulty and affliction, to know that we have a friend in that Being who controls the universe. Who could be unhappy while he feels that God is his father and friend? The sweet consciousness of such a relationship enhances every joy, and sanctifies every sorrow.

Now every one likes to have friends who have the disposition and the power to help them and do them good. If some of the kings and queens, or rich and influential men of the earth, were to offer to be the friends and protectors of the young people who read the INSTRUCTOR, most of them would feel very proud and glad. But the Lord is the King of kings, He is wiser, greater, richer and more powerful than all the kings and rich men of the earth put together, and yet He has offered to be the Friend and Protector of every little boy and girl and every man and woman who will ask Him to guide and guard them. How much better it is to have God for our friend, than to have all the world without Him. Kings and queens may die, as other people; rich men may lose all their riches, and become poor, or they may change and cease to love us, and may deceive and betray us. But the Lord lives for ever; he has all the wealth of the universe at his command; he never changes and will never forsake us nor cease to love us if we do not forsake and cease to love Him. How very grateful should we be then for His condescension and kindness to us. We should love Him with all our hearts and try to do those things which we know will please Him; and then, when we grow up and meet with trouble and sorrow, temptation and disappointment, when those whom we trust and love deceive and desert us, we shall still feel very happy in knowing that we have one unchangeable Friend who is always willing and able to help and comfort us.

Abraham had God for his friend, and he became a great man. Samuel, when a very little boy secured the friendship of the Almighty, and he became a prophet and a judge. Then there were Joseph, David, Josiah and many others in ancient times, as well as Joseph Smith and Brigham Young and many others in our own day, who became and have become, rulers, prophets, priests and kings through the friendship and blessing of the Lord. Now we wish our little friends to remember that the God of Abraham, Samuel, Joseph and Brigham still lives, offers to be their Friend, and will make them wise and good and great if they will trust Him and be obedient to Him. Who would not have the Lord for his Friend?

W. H. S.

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.

GENERAL DONIPHAN'S movement in withdrawing his brigade frustrated the plan of the mobocrats which they had arranged for the killing of Joseph and the other brethren. To have shot them in Far West was what they wanted; but, not being able to unite on that, they concluded to carry them to Jackson county. By using many entreaties Joseph and his companions were permitted, under a guard of five or six men each, to go and visit their families. At the sight of their husbands and fathers in the hands of these cruel men as prisoners, their wives and children were almost heart-broken. They knew that the court martial had sentenced them to be shot, and they knew also that the mobbers would like to have an excuse for killing them. What hope could they have, then, that they would ever see them again, now that they were in the hands of their enemies and they were going to carry them off? No wonder that wives and children wept, and almost felt as if they would never see their dear ones again in this life!

There was not much time allowed for leave-taking. Though overwhelmed with grief their enemies were not moved, they hurried them away from their families in the most cruel and heartless manner. This was on the 2nd of November, and they started that day in the direction of Independence, Jackson county, under a strong guard, commanded by Generals Lucas and Wilson. It had been doubtful about Joseph and his brethren ever getting away alive out of the hands of the men who had them as prisoners; but, as they arose and commenced their march on the morning of the 3rd, Joseph spoke to the brethren who were with him in a low, but cheerful and confidential tone, and said "Be of good cheer, brethren, the word of the Lord came to me last night, that our lives should be given us, and that, whatever we may suffer during this captivity, not one of our lives should be taken."

These words were very consoling to men in their position. How blessed a privilege it is to live in an age when prophets are on the earth and when revelation can be obtained through them! No one but a prophet of the Lord could have known that they would escape, and be able to make such a promise to them in truth. Joseph's words were literally fulfilled.

Lucas hurried off to Independence with his prisoners. He

had received a message from John B. Clark ordering him to return to Far West, as he was there with a large army. Lucas would not comply with the demand. He was anxious for the honor of exhibiting them to the people of Jackson county as his prisoners. Clark was equally desirous to have that honor, and Lucas was afraid that he would send an army to take them from him. Lucas and the others were proud of having them as their prisoners. All along the road they were exhibited to the people like so many strange animals. One of the women who came to see them asked the troops, which of the prisoners was the Lord whom the "Mormons" worshipped. One of the guard pointed to Joseph, and said, "this is he." The woman then turned to Joseph, and inquired whether he professed to be the Lord and Savior. Joseph told her that he professed to be nothing but a man, and a minister of salvation, sent by Jesus Christ to preach the Gospel. This answer surprised the woman. She began to inquire into the doctrine which Joseph believed. He commenced and preached a discourse to her and her companions and to the wondering soldiers. They listened with breathless attention, while he taught the doctrine of faith in Jesus Christ, and repentance, and baptism for the remission of sins, with the promise of the Holy Ghost as recorded in the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.

The woman was satisfied, and praised God in the hearing of the soldiers. She went away praying that God would protect and deliver Joseph and his brethren.

A few months previous to being taken prisoner, Joseph had publicly delivered a prophecy that a sermon should be preached in Jackson county by one of the elders before the close of the year 1838. At that time if an elder had attempted to preach in that county, the people there would have killed him, they were so enraged against the Saints. Those who heard of this prediction of Joseph's did not know how it would be fulfilled. But the Lord who inspired him to make it had the power to have it brought to pass. By preaching the sermon to the woman and the soldiers Joseph accomplished the prophecy, and the mob by taking him prisoner to Jackson county gave him the opportunity of doing so, and thereby fulfilled the word of the Lord.

They arrived at Independence in the midst of a great rain. But a multitude of spectators had assembled to see them. The bugles sounded a blast of exulting joy as they were paraded in martial triumph through all the principal streets. They were put into an old log house, and the people crowded in to examine them. After their arrival at Independence, they were treated with some degree of hospitality, and they spent most of their time in preaching and conversation. This had an excellent effect; a great amount of prejudice was removed, and many of the people began to feel very favorable towards Joseph and the brethren with him.

PLAYING TRUANT.—Three little boys played truant one afternoon, and went off fishing where they thought no one would see them. But after a while a neighbor came along, and finding them, said that he should tell their parents. This spoiled all their sport, and set them to asking what was best to be done. There seemed no way to get out of the scrape; their parents would certainly know all about it. At last one of them said, "I am going home."

"What for?" asked another, "to get your flogging, and have it over?"

"No, I am going home to be forgiven; but if it comes to a flogging I'd rather have it twice over than to feel so mean as I do now. I shall never play truant again," and off he went.

UNION is Strength. Knowledge is Power. Virtue is Happiness.

Selected Poetry.

WADING IN THE BROOK.

Roaming through the forest
In the early spring,
Gathering sweet wild blossoms,
Is a pleasant thing;
And fishing in the river
With my line and hook;
But neither half so pleasant
As wading in the brook.

Lying in the meadow
On the cool, soft grass,
With the blue sky o'er me,
And the clouds that pass,
Is certainly delicious,
Ne'er thinking of my book,
But 'tis not half so pleasant
As wading in the brook.

There lie my shoes and stockings
On the shining moss;
My pants I've rolled up carefully,
My hat I gave a toss,
And sent it 'mong the brambles
Which o'er the waters shook;
O bless me! but 'tis pleasant
Wading in the brook!

The cool and laughing waters
Go dancing o'er my feet,
And violets along the shore
Fling out their odors sweet;
And brave old trees bend o'er me,
And shelter this dear nook;
O bless me! but 'tis pleasant
Wading in the brook!

There are scores of little fishes
Scampering o'er my toes;
And there's a gay young turtle
A poking out his nose;
I wonder if he'll bite me!
The crawfish! only look!
O bless me! but 'tis pleasant
Wading in the brook!

And through the leafy branches
The sunbeams glisten down,
Leaving on each wavelet
A shining, golden crown;
As if the crystal river
Its heavenly plains forsook,
And dropped some sparkling ripple
Within this little brook.

Roaming through the forests
In the early spring,
Gathering fragrant blossoms,
Listening wild birds sing,
Are pleasures rare and charming,
Ne'er thinking of my book;
But nothing's half so pleasant
As wading in the brook!

Look to the seed you sow, that it be sound and good, and for the benefit and use of mankind; this is to be regarded, as well as the ground into which the seed is cast.

Those who love to benefit others are the happiest of mortals.

Correspondence.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, July 12th, 1867.

Editor *Juvenile Instructor*:

DEAR BROTHER:—The 14th Ward Sabbath School is progressing rapidly, under the able management of Elders Elijah Pearce, Geo. H. Taylor, Chas. R. Jones and W. T. Ayland, who all manifest the greatest zeal and energy in advancing the moral and intellectual development of the juvenile attendants.

The school, at present, consists of 278 pupils, organized into twenty-five classes, each having its respective teacher.

Elders E. L. T. Harrison and T. C. Armstrong are teaching two advanced classes of young men and women, where attention is given only to the principles of Theology as taught in the Bible, Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants; and quite a number of the young Saints are wise enough to embrace so excellent an opportunity of having their minds instructed and qualified to preach the gospel of salvation at home and abroad.

We have also organized a choir, under the direction of Elder Stephen H. R. Mark, a promising young man, who evinces considerable talent in vocal music. We are now forming a library for the benefit of the school, having received through donations by the Saints in the ward a variety of books, and also other means with which to purchase in the East such works as cannot be obtained here. We hope to have, ere long, a library consisting of about 400 volumes.

The Directors are doing all in their power to render the instruction pleasant as well as useful to the children, and our large and commodious hall crowded with hundreds of the rising generation whose countenances beam with beauty and innocence, proves the satisfaction and gratitude which the scholars universally feel.

As further auxiliaries to attract the attention of the children, we have lectures, recitations and songs, by persons who are either selected or volunteer to serve on such occasions. Tickets of reward are procured for distribution. Six numbers of the *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR* are subscribed for, and lent out, for the benefit of the children at home.

As a school we have but one aim, namely, to attain to perfection; and thus we are determined to continue in the good cause, to prove to the Saints and to the world, that we are for intelligence and the glory of God.

Yours very respectfully,

ANDREAS ENGBERG,
Secretary 14th Ward Sabbath School.

For the *Juvenile Instructor*.

CHARADE.

BY ALFRED GARDNER.

I am composed of 10 letters.

My 1, 2, 8, 4, 5, 9, 7, are made abundantly in Great Salt Lake City.

My 3, 6, 2, 10, is an adverb of place.

My whole is a flourishing manufacturing city in England.

THE Answer to the Charades in No. 13 are—THE GOLDEN RULE and THE WORD OF WISDOM—J. R. McGaw, O. F. Whitney, M. E. Wright and W. J. Lewis, sent correct answers.

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Elder Wm. H. Shearman, Logan, will act as General Agent for Cache Valley.

Grain brought to this City for the *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR* will be received at the office of our paper—DESERET NEWS BUILDINGS.